

LOWER SANDUSKY FREEMAN.

VOLUME I.

LOWER SANDUSKY, MARCH 3, 1849.

NUMBER 2.

The Lower Sandusky Freeman.

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Times of holding Courts in the 13th Circuit, 1849.

Sandusky.—March 26, June 11, October 1st.
Erie.—March 19, May 21, October 1st.
Utica.—March 12, June 5, September 18.
Wood.—April 2, October 23.
Otsego.—May 1, September 10.

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G. R. McCulloch & Co.,
DEALERS IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, DYE-STUFFS,
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Lower Sandusky, Ohio.
[C. R. McCulloch.]

GEORGE BURT & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
Wheat, Flour, Salt, Sheep Pelts, &c.
LOWER SANDUSKY, OHIO.
[G. R. McCulloch.]

RALPH P. BUCKLAND,

ATTORNEY and Counselor at law and Solicitor
in Chancery, will attend to professional business in
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RESPECTFULLY tender their professional services
to the citizens of Lower Sandusky and vicinity.
Office opposite the store of Kendall and Nims.

DOCTOR J. CHAMBERLIN,

Botanic Physician,
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens
of Lower Sandusky and vicinity. From several
years experience, he flatters himself that he has become
thoroughly acquainted with the diseases incident to this
climate, and hopes to merit a portion of public patronage.
He resides in the house owned, and lately occupied by
W. W. Anger, and keeps an office in the brick building
opposite David Deale's at one of which places he will be
found at all reasonable hours, unless absent on professional
business.
April 29th, 1848.

Woolen Goods have fell!

and some
great bargains may now be had in broadcloths,
casimeres and satinetts, at the Farmer's Cheap store.
C. J. FETTERBONE.

MUFFS! MUFFS! Just received and

for sale cheap, by C. J. CAMPBELL & Co.
Dec. 29, 1848.

Poetry.

Of the following beautiful lines are truly and physio-
logically appropriate:

PURE AIR.

Throw open your window, and fasten it there!
Fling the curtain aside and the blind,
And give a pure entrance to Heaven's pure air—
'Tis the life and the health of mankind.
Are you fond of coughs, colds, dyspepsia and rheum?
Of head-aches, and fevers, and chills?
Of bilious, hot drops, and fumes?
And bleeding, and blisters, and pills?
Then shut yourself up like a monk in his cave,
Till nature grows weary and sad,
And imagine yourself on the brink of the grave,
Where nothing is cheerful and glad.
Be sure, when you sleep, all air is shut out;
Place, too, a warm brick at your feet,
Wrap a bandage of flannel your neck quick about,
And cover your head with a sheet.
But would you avoid the dark gloom of disease?
Then haste to the fresh open air,
Where your cheek may kindly be fan'd by its breeze,
Till make you well, happy and fair.
O, prize not this lightly, so precious a thing,
The golden gift of God, and the breath of life,
The richest of blessings that heaven can bring,
The bright panacea of health.
Then open the window, and fasten it there!
Fling the curtain aside, and the blind,
And give a free entrance to Heaven's pure air,
'Tis the light, life and joy of mankind.

Miscellaneous.

LOVE IN A STAGE COACH.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

How it poured! Rattle—rattle—rattle against
the casement. Splash—splash on the ground un-
derneath all night, and now when I awake, here it
is raining away harder than ever, as if a second
deluge was at hand. Confound that breakfast bell!
I wish there was no such thing as a breakfast
bell on a rainy morning, for then one might lie
abed all day, or until the storm cleared off. Philo-
sophers tell us that rain is necessary for the
economy of nature—it may be true, though I never
trouble myself about such a thing; but if so,
men ought to be made like dormice to sleep on in a
semi-animated state, until the rain sees fit to
cease. Nature never intended us to be out in a
shower, or we would have been born with patent
oil cloth or Indian rubber skins.

Down it poured! What on earth was I to
do? The day before had been the brightest one
of the month of May, and as I had a passion for
walking in the country—more for it, I had
truggled away off here, eight miles and more from
town, to see a country wedding. After the good
orders used among friends. I must say that the
thing was very handsomely done, and that I was
much edified thereat—so much so that one of
these days, I shall perhaps tell how the parties
departed themselves, how many new hats there were
in the wedding companies, how droll the finest
horses, and all the other matters of gossip so inter-
esting to young misses and old bachelors like my-
self. The day passed off with a bright blue sky,
until towards dusk, when a thunder-shower came
up, that lasted until bed time; but I retired, fully
resolved that the morning would see a clear sky
overhead. But morning came, and here it was,
pouring pouring down, in one dark, splashy, contin-
uous stream, for all the world like an old maid's
objurgations when her tongue gets wagging!

Down I hurried to the breakfast table. I had
just buttered my bread and was swallowing the
first mouthful of coffee, when the horn of the
coach to town was heard, and looking out of the
window, I saw the vehicle, with its four smoking
horses dashing down the turnpike. It was my
only chance to reach the city that day. I bolted
my bread, gulped down the coffee till my throat
was scalded, jammed my hat on my head, and
made a dive through the door. The driver did
not see me, but cracked his whip with a flourish
and went on. I shouted. Still the old villain did not
notice me, but with another flourish of his whip, set
his four-in-hand into a brisker trot and rattled
down the hill. Desperate with the fear of being
left, I pitched after him, spattering the mud around
at every step, and shouting at the top of my lungs
—but I might have shouted and run on till dooms-
day, had not a passenger seen me and stopped the
deaf old sinner. Out of breath, wet to the skin,
covered with mud from head to foot, and not in
the best humor from the loss of my breakfast, I
mounted into the coach; but the instant I placed
my foot inside the vehicle all my sulksiness van-
ished, for there sat—the only passenger besides my-
self—one of the loveliest angels that ever blessed
an old bachelor's couch, or warmed the soul of a
breakfast-table bachelorette, with her presence.

Did you ever fall in love? Of course. And
the lady was the loveliest of her sex? To be sure.
Then this stage coach beauty was twice as hand-
some as your sweet-heart, and if so, after this, you
don't think my fellow passenger a cherub, then I
give up all hope of making you appreciate her.
Such eyes, such teeth, and then such lips!—egad,
it almost makes me crazy to think of them. I put
myself down for the luckiest dog in the world.—
She was dressed in a plain straw cottage bonnet,
with a green veil—"just such a costume," said I,
"as a real lady wears when traveling"—and then
she gave me such a sweet but half roguish smile,
as I tumbled into the coach, in the plighted I have
described, that I knew her at once to be a paragon
in the way of education, taste, fortune, and all that;
I resolved—what knowing one wouldn't; to make
the agreeable off-hand, for there's nothing like
meeting an heiress in a stage coach, where she
thinks she's unknown, and dreams that every at-
tention paid to her springs from pure love; ahem—
on your part.

I was in clover. What cared I for rain. Splash—
splash—splash, aye! rain away there like blazes
—who cares? One does not get tele-a-tele with a
pretty girl every day in the week—so I determined
to make the most of it.

"The storm without might rattle and rustle,
Tom did na mind the storm a whistle."
And, faith, what with a few silly compliments,
and my extraordinary good looks, I soon got as cozy
with my unknown beauty, and she with me, as if
we had been acquainted since the days of Noah.

We talked of the wedding, for she too had been
there—of the scenery, of the rain—and of what-
ever came uppermost; and there was such a charm-
ing frankness in all she said that I really thought
her the most winning little witch I had ever seen,
and I verily believe if the floor had been softer or
I had known the accurate number of houses to

which I would be tenant in courtesy, I should
have gone on my knees to her at once. I hate
showing one's learning off in public, so I avoided
anything like literature, though I saw by the intel-
ligent eyes of my charmer that she had a soul
alive to the finer sensibilities of nature. At length
we got on the subject of house-keeping. Now, if
there's anything I hate it's a woman that can't
keep house, and I trembled at every word least my
angel should confess her ignorance of these mat-
ters. Shade of Apiculus! how my heart leaped
when she told that hardly a day passed in which
she did not make bread, or pies, or sponge cake, or
some other of those shimmies that delight the
heart of man; and when, in expatiating on such
delicacies, she rose to a pitch of eloquence that I
never heard surpassed, I could not resist my feelings,
but snatched her hand to my lips and kissed it.—
Yes! I felt that she was destined to be mine; for
if there's anything a wife ought to know, it is this,
I came of a race of eaters. My grandfather has
lunched on a half dozen rabbits, and died at last of
a surfeit produced by eating two young pigs. My
father can break his fast on a brace of capons, or
devour a pair of turkeys without having to pick his
teeth; and the way a brother of mine can tuck in
the hundreds of pickled oysters and dishes of
chicken salad, does credit to the family. My own
exploits in this line modestly forbids me to mention.
No wonder I loved this rosy little beauty—who
could get up such a choice fry, and bake such de-
licious cakes. Ah! what a life of domestic happi-
ness rose before my vision, when I pictured myself
returning home from court at night, to meet a beef-
steak ready broiled, or a bowl of the richest turtle
soup served up by the fair hand of the angel at my
side. I resolved, if there was virtue in a pair of
whiskers, in an elegant tongue, or in my blue coat
to win the seraph of pie-bakes.

There's no place like a stage coach for making
love. It comes natural. You do it, egad, in a sort
of easy don't-care-for-anything style, that you
can't for the life of you assume in any other place.
What betwixt sitting on the same seat to talk more
conveniently, and putting your arm around her
waist to keep her from jolting off, you soon get to
be wonderfully cozy, and ten to one you don't
catch yourself squeezing, or varying the entertain-
ments in some other way, before you're aware of it.
For my part, as I have said, I was ready to
surrender at discretion, and I already fancied my-
self lighting the dear creature beside me of the
troublesome duty of collecting the rents of her
various fine houses. I was charmed to think of
the progress I had made in her affections. What
a delicious rosy cheek it was that I had just then
slyly kissed, she blushed the deeper from my
warmth. And then her saucy pouting lips, and
then her figure, just the very size for a man who
hated your thin, weasel-shaped young misses, as
he hated epidemics. Ah! what a wife she would
make. How I thanked my stars that I had hit-
erto set my face like a flint against every tempta-
tion to marry, for now my firmness was to be re-
warded by this beauty and heiress dropping into
my mouth. And then I preached to myself a
mental homily on the short-sightedness of man, as
I ventured to steal another kiss from the conscious
and blushing little angel by my side. I was just
about to pop the question itself, when the coach
stopped, and the driver descended and opened the
door. My charmer arose. I was taken all aback.
"Yes," said she, "I see Mr. Powell is waiting
for me."

"Mr. Powell," said I, for that was the name of
a friend of mine from the turnpike; do you live
with him? Perhaps you are a relative! Strange,
I muttered to myself I never heard him speak of
this charming creature.
Before I could answer, Powell approached, and
while he hailed me, my fellow passenger sprang to
the ground as if by magic, and the next minute
was in my friend's vehicle.
"For heaven's sake," said I, half mad that the
heavy grip of Powell prevented me from hasten-
ing to his ward's assistance, "who is that angel?
Is she a relative, a ward, or what? I'm dying for
love of her!"

Powell burst into a laugh, and laughed until the
tears came into his eyes. Confound the fellow,
what did he mean! I began to look angry.
"Come my dear boy," he said, "don't get into a
passion, but consider how odd it is that you, of
all men, should fall in love with my cook!"
I never make acquaintances in a stage coach,
until I have exchanged cards.

THE KING OF THE ARTIC OCEAN.

The following copied from the Honolulu Friend
for November last, will remind many readers of J.
N. Reynolds' capital whaling story—published sev-
eral years ago—of the pursuit and capture of Mo-
cha Dick, a monstrous, old, white-headed whale,
well known to the Pacific whalers:

"Oh! the rare old whale, 'mid storm and gale,
In his ocean home will be;
A giant in might, where might is right,
And king of the boundless sea."

Captain Roys, of the Superior, makes a report
which is confirmed by his ship's company, that
while cruising in the Artic Ocean, they discovered
a huge whale, which they were confident was too
large for them to "cut in" with a vessel of the size
of the Superior. All agree in asserting that it was
the largest whale they ever saw, and if it had been
taken must have yielded more than 300 barrels of
oil. It was not through fear for themselves, but
the "whaling gear" of the vessel, that they allowed
the king of the Artic Ocean quietly to bolder on his
good fortune, if he escapes another season!

"A wondrous tale could the rare old whale
Of the mighty deep disclose,
Of the skeleton bones of by-gone storms,
And of the treasures that no one knows."

Oh! the whale is free, of the boundless sea,
He lives for a thousand years;
He sinks to rest on the billows' breast,
Nor the roughest tempest fears."

The howling blast as it hurries past,
How muffled to lull him to sleep;
And he scatters the spray in his boisterous play,
As he dashes—the king of the deep."

We seek advice from others, oftentimes, not be-
cause we do not know what we ought to do, but be-
cause we do know and we seek in our advisers a
help for a weak will.

INDIAN INCIDENTS.

A pair of incidents have come to our knowledge
respecting the Chippewa Indians, now sojourning in
the city, which are so characteristic of the race that
we cannot refrain from presenting them to our
readers:

The first of these has reference to one of the wo-
men whose name is Pam-ma-way ge-one-no-quas, or
Woman of the Murmuring Stream. She is the
wife of the orator of the party, and when she left
Lake Superior in October last, she brought along her
only infant aged about six months. On the arrival
of the party in Philadelphia the child was suddenly
taken sick and died. The grief of the mother
knew no bounds, and for several entire days did she
hang over the child, ever and anon giving utter-
ance to a monotonous wail, and decking its head
with all the ornaments in her possession. All this
was noticed by Major Martell, who conceived the
idea of having a daguerrotype likeness taken of the
child, and this having been accomplished, the child
was deposited in a vault and the likeness given to
the mother.

On Monday night last, while one of the chiefs
composing the Chippewa delegation was relating a
story to the writer of this article, and in the pre-
sence of the entire party, an allusion was made to
the nature of death, which caused the childless
mother and her husband, as they sat together upon
the floor, to bow their heads and weep. The story
proceeded, but we watched with intense interest
the movements of the bereaved mother. Then it
was that we saw her take from her bosom (as if
unconscious of the company present) the portrait
alluded to, and, as she pressed it convulsively to her
lips a number of times, she accompanied each
movement by this exclamation: "Oh! my poor
child! my poor child!" She then handed the pic-
ture to her husband, and, as his keen black eye
suddenly filled with tears, he also kissed the picture
a number of times, and returning it to his wife, he
turned his head towards the story-teller, as if en-
deavoring to follow him, while the wife immediately
dropped her needle and hid her face in the lap of
her husband.

A more touching picture of grief than this we
have never witnessed; but Maj. Martell tells that
what we saw is only a repetition of what he has
seen a great many times since he left Philadelphia.
The unhappy parents, he tells us, are always the
first to awake in the morning, and they never re-
sume their daily duties without first putting their
heads together over the precious picture for the
purpose of uttering an incoherent prayer. The one
idea which seems to absorb the mind of the be-
nighted Indian mother is this, that she may yet re-
turn to Philadelphia, and upon her own back carry
the remains of her offspring to the burial place of
her fathers in the remote wilderness.

The second incident to which we have alluded is
of a very different character from the above, and is
as follows:

Five members of the Indian party already men-
tioned lately went out in the afternoon to enjoy an
airing. They strayed over the Long Bridge across
the Potomac, and having been treated with a com-
fortable glass of liquor by some kind friend, they
continued their walk until they reached a pleasant
wood on one of the hills looking down upon the Po-
tomac. They had their bows and arrows with them,
and succeeded in killing a rabbit and two or three
small birds. Night came on, but instead of re-
turning to their comfortable quarters in the city
(for the weather was cold) these wild fellows kind-
led a fire in the woods, and having enjoyed a gen-
uine Indian repast and sung a number of strange
songs, they erected a few boughs over their heads,
and there enjoyed a sound sleep until the morning.

They returned to the city on the following day ap-
parently greatly benefited by their temporary re-
lease from the oppressive confinement of the me-
tropolis.

A GREEK FUNERAL.

I remember when they buried that bright-eyed
Greek maiden, snatched suddenly from earth, her
young heart was light as her face was fair. They
arrayed her, so rigid and motionless, in the gay dress
she had never worn but for some great fete or gala,
as though this, more than any, were a day of re-
joicing for her; and thus attired, with her long
hair spread out over her still bosom, all decked
with flowers, they laid her uncoffined in the grave.
At her feet they placed a small flask of wine and a
basket of corn, in accordance with an ancient Greek
superstition, which supposes that for three days and
nights the disembodied spirit lingers mournfully
round its tenement of clay, the garment of its mor-
tality, wherein as a pilgrim and a stranger on the
earth, it lived and loved, it sinned and suffered.—
As soon as the first symptoms of decay announce
that the pure essence departs to purer realms, be-
fore the grave was closed, whilst for the last
time the radiance of the sunset cast a glow like the
mockery of life over the marble face of the poor
young girl, her friends as a last precaution, took
measures to ascertain that she was actually dead,
and not in a swoon. The means they always take
in such instances to ascertain a fact which elsewhere
would be insured by a doctor's certificate, is touch-
ing in the extreme; the person whom, whilst alive,
it was known the deceased loved the best, the
mother, or it may be the young betrothed, who had
hoped to place on her head the gay and bridal
crown, instead of the laurel garland of death, ad-
vances and calls her by name, repeating after it the
word "ella" (come) several times, in a tone of the
most passionate entreaty. If she is mute to this
appeal; if she is dead to the voice dearest to her on
earth, then they no longer doubt that she is dead
indeed; they cover up the grave, lift their eyes to
the heaven where they believe her to be—for the
Greeks do not hold to the doctrine of purgatory,
and having made the sign of the cross, they depart
in silence to their homes. But a year after on an
anniversary of the death, they return to the grave,
and kneeling down, lay their lips to the sod, and
whisper to the silent tenant that they love her still,
and she is yet remembered and regretted.

His brawny arm beclasp'd her waist,
With love their eyes did burn;
From his warm lips she snatched a taste,
And then he tasted hers.

Nearly all women are aristocrats. Wealth,
power and high station, have charms to their eyes
and in their hearts more than really great qualities.

CONSCIENCE.

Never did any man long forsake the straight and
upright path, without having cause to repent of it.
Whether it be pleasure, or interest, or ambition,
that leads him astray, he is always made to pay
dear for any supposed advantage he gains. War-
rily and cautiously he may at first set out, and lay
many restraints on himself against proceeding too
far. But having once forsaken conscience as his
guide, his passions and inclinations soon take the
lead of his conduct, and push him forward rashly.
One bad step betrays him into another, till, in the
end, he is overtaken, if not by poverty and disease,
at least by dishonor and shame, by the loss of
friends, and the forfeiture of respect and general
esteem.

He that walketh uprightly, has always been found
to walk surely, while in the crooked paths of fraud,
dishonesty, or ignoble pleasure, a thousand forms
arise to meet us. In the mean time, to a bad man,
conscience will always be an uneasy companion. In
the midst of his amusements, conscience will fre-
quently break in upon him with reproach. At
night when he would go to rest, holding up to him
the deeds of the former day, putting him in mind
of what he has lost and what he has incurred, it
will make him often ashamed, often afraid. Cow-
ardice and baseness of mind are never failing com-
panions of a guilty conscience. He who is haunted
by it dares never stand forth to the world, and
appear in his own character. He is reduced to be
constantly studying concealment, and living in dis-
guise. He must put on the smiling and open look,
when dark designs are brooding in his mind. Con-
scious of his own bad purposes, he looks with dis-
trust on all who are around him, and shrinks from
the scrutiny of every piercing eye. He sees, or fan-
cies that he sees, suspicion in many a countenance,
and reads upbraiding in looks where no upbraiding
was meant. Often he is in great fear where no
fear is.

THE WORLD'S CHANGES.

It is a sad but instructive thought, that we live
in a world of change. From the cradle to the grave
the evidences of this painful truth are ever press-
ing themselves on the mind. Of all the varied ob-
jects that twine themselves round our hearts in
youth, how few of our precious hopes are not
wrecked and borne away on the restless wing of
change! Yet, sad as are the other effects of
change, it contains in its full quiver one arrow more
keen and deadly than the rest. When he whom
we have cherished as "our heart's core, eye, in our
heart of hearts," meets us with a cold and averted
gaze—when the eye that used to beam on us with
tender and mellow lustre, no longer returns our
glances, and the face of him that was dearest to us
wears "the look of a stranger"—then has change done
its worst work for us, and we may smile at its
further visitations. It is hard to loose our friends
by separation—and yet more painful and solemn is
it, to lose them by death; but still we lose them as
friends—we lose them while affection is reciprocal;
and, as our spirits may still commingle, their mem-
ory is "pleasant though mournful to the soul." But
when the being we love lives, and is estranged,
"there is," as one has truly said, "a gap between
us, deep and wide, which we can neither fill up
nor cross over. Then the past is desolation, the
present is bitterness, the future is a blank, and the
only iodine the crushed heart can hope to find, is
time and the lethargy of forgetfulness.

[Yankee Blade.]

SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

Prayer is not a smooth expression nor a well con-
trived form of words; not the product of a ready
memory, or of a rich invention exerting itself in the
performance. These may draw a neat picture of it,
but still the life is wanting. The motion of the
heart God-wards, holy and divine affection makes
prayer real and lively and acceptable to the living
God, to whom it is presented. The pouring out of
the heart to him that made it, and therefore hears
it and understands what it speaks, and how it is
moved and affected in calling on him. It is not the
glided paper and good writing of a petition that
prevails with a king, but the moving sense of it.—
And to that king who discerns the heart, heart
sense it the sense of all, and that which only he
regards. He listens to hear what speaks and takes
all as nothing where that is silent. All other ex-
cellence in prayer is but the outside and fashion of
it; this is the life of it.

[Leighton.]

BENEDICT ARNOLD.—The following anecdote
applies to the defection in which treachery
is held by all mankind. Even those to whom the
traitor Arnold sacrificed his honor and fate, turned
upon him with the bitterest malevolence. How
full of wisdom is the lesson:

On the 2d of July, 1793, Lord Lauderdale, at-
tended by Charles Fox, Esq., met Benedict Arnold
near London, attended by Lord Hawke. Lord Lau-
derdale received Arnold's fire salute, and refused
to return it. On being asked why he did not, he
replied, "I leave him for the executioner." The
seconds retired for a few moments, and said that
Lord L. must fire at Gen. Arnold, or retract the ex-
pression he had used. The nobleman replied that
"he did not come out to fire at Arnold, and if he
(Arnold) was not satisfied, he might fire at him till
he was." The cause of the quarrel was this: A
gentleman was about to introduce Lord Lauderdale
to Gen. Arnold, when the former exclaimed, "what!
the traitor, Arnold?"

SCENE ON THE OHIO.—Our boat stopped to take
in wood. On shore among the crowd, stood a re-
markable stupid looking fellow, with his hands in
his pockets, and his under lip hanging down. A
dandy, ripe for a scrape, tipped nods and winks all
about, saying:
"Now I'll have some fun, I'll frighten that green-
horn."

He jumped ashore with a drawn bowie knife,
brandishing it in the face of the green 'un, ex-
claiming—
"Now I'll punish you. I have been looking for
you a week."

The fellow suddenly started at his assailant. He
evidently had not sense enough to be scared—but
as the bowie knife came near his face, one of his
huge fists suddenly vacated his pocket fell solid and
heavy being floundering in the river. Greeny jumped
on board our boat, put his hands in his pockets and
looked around. "May be," said he, "there's
somebody else here that's been lookin' for me a
week."

PROCESS OF COINING GOLD.

The process of coining gold is very accurately,
yet succinctly described, in a letter to the Boston
Post. From it the following description is con-
densed:

The miners have to grind the gold rock fine,
keeping it wet constantly, and, as it becomes fine,
it washes off. They have a hard kind of stone for
grinding. They then mix quicksilver with it, and
that collects the gold dust. It is washed out,
dried, and then goes through some kind of heat-
ing. The gold dust is then usually sold to the su-
perintendent of the mint. To find the value, each
parcel has to be assayed. The assaying is the most
curious and scientific of all the business in the mint.
The melters take the gold dust, melt it, and cast it
into a bar, when it is weighed accurately, and a
piece is cut off for the assayer. He takes it, melts
it with twice its weight in lead. It is melted with
some small cups made of bone ashes, which absorb
all the lead, when a large part of the silver is ex-
tracted by another process, and the sample is then
rolled out to a thin shaving, coiled up, and put in a
sort of glass phial called a matras, along with some
nitric acid. The matras are put on a furnace,
and the acid is boiled some time, poured off, a new
supply put in, and boiled again. This is done sev-
eral times till the acid has extracted all the silver,
and other mineral substances, leaving the sample
pure gold. The sample is then weighed, and by
the difference between the weight before assayed
and after, the true value is found. The gold, af-
ter it has been assayed, is melted, refined, and mix-
ed with its due portions of alloy, (equal parts of
silver and copper,) then drawn into long stripes, in
shape, not unlike an iron hoop for a cask, the round
pieces cut out with a sort of punch, each piece
weighed, and brought to the right side by a file, if
too heavy, when it is milled on the edges raised,
and put into a stamping press, whence it comes
forth a perfect coin, bearing the endorsement of
"United States."

LEAD AND SILVER ORES IN VIRGINIA.

We clip the following paragraphs from the Rich-
mond Whig: